

A Flaw in the Plan

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Summary: Season 1 AU. What if Regina like everyone else did not have her real memories, and lived under the haze of her curse for 28 years until a fated day? How would the events play out then? No pairings/romance. Character(Regina) centric.

A Flaw in the Plan

****A/N: I've told myself time and again not to bite off more than I can chew, but it seems to be something I'm incapable of.****

****'A Flaw in the Plan' is a what if story. What if when the curse was cast, Regina, like everyone else lost her real memories and lived in a haze for 28 years? How would the events play out then?***

****This is primarily not a romance genre story, but a character centric one, focusing on Regina and her feelings. If you're looking for SQ/CS/OQ or any pairing, this isn't the place to be. Will mainly have Regina-Henry and Regina-Emma friendship, maybe some Emma-Henry and bonding with other characters like Graham and Mary Margaret.****

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><p>Prologue

Everything was ruined, Regina realized, as she stood at the furthest point from her castle, trying to escape her own curse.

After all the planning, all the efforts she had put in, it was one callous mistake that was about to bring everything cascading down

The memory potion wasn't there.

She had realized it all too late, when there was not enough time to make it again. Again, she thought, because she clearly remembered

making it, but either it was her memory playing with her, or someone had stolen it, to spite her (she had a very good idea who, but no idea how). And now, as a result, she will soon forget herself and be forced to live someone else's life, in a prison of her own making.

What was the point, she thought, in taking away Snow White's happiness, when she wouldn't be able to relish in it?

But the curse had already been cast, now there was no way to stop it. She had no choice now but to accept this game of fate. Sure enough, the smoke was already coming into view.

But then, she couldn't help but think as the curse swept over her, would it be so bad to?

Yes, is her immediate reply, because that's how she's supposed to feel. But she didn't.

To forget all the pain she had gone through, forget losing Daniel, forget her mother, forget killing her father, forget her thirst for vengeance... Losing her memory would mean losing that burden, it would mean walking into a haze of peace. Maybe it would be more a boon than a bane.

That was her last thought before she fell into utter darkness.

* * *

><p>The alarm rang, flashing the time as 6:00 a.m., and Regina Mills woke up, ready to start the day, remembering that she had a council meeting and loads of paperwork to get through. Storybrooke may be a small town, but that didn't stop it's Mayor from being a perfectionist.<p>

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><p>-x-OUAT-x-

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><p>Chapter 1

The alarm blared as it always had, signalling the start of the day for Regina Mills, who woke up with a mental checklist ready for the day. It didn't require much effort; the monotony of small town life was enough to seem like the same day had been repeating itself for as long as they had been there. And yet, today, there was something different, a strange and somewhat unwelcome feeling that something was different, that she was missing something. Passing it off as something work-related that she was forgetting, she got up.

She woke her 10-year-old son, Henry, up to get him ready for school and herself for work. They left together, until Henry took the school bus and she went on to the Mayor's Office.

The day passed on as usual, but there was still a nagging feeling at the back of her mind, but she couldn't quite place what it was.

It was only in the afternoon she encountered something different,

something worrisome - Henry wasn't on his school bus.

It was like one of her worst fears had suddenly started realizing herself. From the very moment she had considered adoption, the thought had been accompanied with the fear of her son rejecting her as his parent and leaving her. This fear had been amplified manifold ever since Henry had started reading that storybook and, for some reason still unknown to Regina, believing her to be the Evil Queen. Regina had never been against him reading fairytales, and she had actually appreciated his teacher, Mary Margaret Blanchard's action in giving him the storybook, but she could never have foreseen that it would have this kind of impact on him. His words had felt like glass shards piercing her heart when he looked at her in disgust and said that she was the Evil Queen. She still didn't know why he felt that way, what she had done to make him think so negatively of her, and it made her choke back tears when she saw him closing himself off from her, instead choosing to confide in Mary Margaret, who he believed to be Snow White. The way Henry would look at her when she'd talk to Mary Margaret, it was like he expected Regina to hand her a poisoned apple any moment; and the latter would look apologetically at Regina, as if it was her fault in some way. She thought back again and again to discover what exactly made him think of her like that while awarding everyone else with with nicer character titles; even to his therapist, to whom she had taken him with apprehension, he had insisted to the point of fatigue that he was Jiminy Cricket. Maybe it was because she couldn't devote enough time to him, being busy as she was in town welfare. Maybe he got the company and support he needed from others instead of his own mother. Maybe that made her a bad mother, and she couldn't do anything but watch helplessly.

He was not in school either, as Regina discovered once she got there. Mary Margaret offered to help Regina in finding him, which Regina gladly accepted. There was a chance that the teacher, who often babysitted him as well, may have an idea where he might have gone.

They looked everywhere they could think of, but he wasn't there. It seemed he wasn't anywhere in the town.

By evening the Sheriff, Graham Humbert, had been informed and was currently in the Mayor's residence, trying to placate the distraught mother and think of what to do.

Suddenly, they heard Henry's voice from the porch, and Regina immediately rushed outside. Sure enough, Henry stood in front of them, but he wasn't alone.

Regina ran forward and embraced him, but he pushed her away.

"You're not my mother." he said distastefully, "I've found my real mother."

And with that, he ran straight to his room, shutting the door, while Regina finally turned her attention to the woman in front of her.

"You're his birth mother?" she asked disbelievingly, hoping against hope that she wasn't, that this wasn't happening, that there was some explanation and at the end of the day she would get her son back.

"Um, yeah." The woman replied awkwardly.

It was as though her worst nightmare had now chosen to come true.

End
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